

## Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

Closter friends you'd seldom strike,  
Not a trace of trouble.  
Fact, they looked so much alike,  
One was 't'her's double.  
If there fell from off a limb  
Apple or a cherry,  
Chant was, if it fell to Jim,  
'Nother fell to Jerry.

Ev'ry day to district school,  
Off they'd go together.  
Rain or sunshine, warm or cool—  
Any kind of weather,  
Slip away to fish or swim  
Down below the ferry,  
Lickin' likely waitin' Jim,  
'Nother one for Jerry.

Bully pick a fight with one,  
Give the kid a drummin'.  
Sure to find, when that was done,  
'Nother fight a-comin'.  
Eye might have a bluish rim,  
Noses bloody, very.  
Gitty fight 'ud come from Jim,  
'Nother one from Jerry.

Time went on; the youngsters grew.  
To be self-supportin'.  
Am, like other fellers do,  
Started in a-courtin'.  
Saw the deacon; talked to him  
'Bout his daughter Mary,  
Had a pleasant smile for Jim,  
'Nother one for Jerry.

Evils from that very date,  
For her hand a-seein'.  
Friendship turned to bitter hate,  
Even stopped a-speakin'.  
Each in turn, by moonlight dim,  
Spoke of love to Mary.  
Had a negative for Jim,  
'Nother one for Jerry.

News one day come to their ears,  
Goin' to be some shootin'.  
Read the call for volunteers,  
Heard the bugles tootin'.  
Full of fightin' to the brim,  
Packed and took the ferry.  
Feller had a gun fer Jim,  
'Nother one fer Jerry.

Fought the battles through it all,  
Then, somehow or other,  
Jim he caught a rifle ball,  
Jerry caught another.  
On the field by starlight dim  
Thoughts came fast of Mary.  
Jerry murmured, "Sorry, Jim!"  
Jim says, "Sorry, Jerry."

When next morn at break of day  
Came the sun a-creepin'.  
On the field two soldiers lay  
Side by side a-sleepin'.  
After comrades sung a hymn  
Squad detailed to bury  
Scraped a shaller hole for Jim,  
'Nother one for Jerry.

## OBSERVATIONS.

If she was over in the chorus, we'll bet  
Sore was a pony.  
Reports from the S. S. President  
Van Buren say there is a horse  
aboard that can play a cornet. Who

## POEMS OF PREFERENCE.

Bill Crocco of Howard Avenue,  
Brooklyn, wants the velvet telephone  
answerer offered as the prize in this  
contest. His idea of a good wife fol-  
lows:

I want a girl of vampish demeanor,  
Like Nita Naldi, or even meaner.  
Oh, she must dance and she must sing,  
Must be quite young but know every-  
thing.

Have two sweet lips and naughty  
eyes.  
A form like Venus to harmonize,  
Complexion smooth as a summer  
morn.

I fear this girl has not been born,  
But if she lives please let me  
know,  
We'll one-step to the preacher, you  
know.

says those American Line ships are  
dry?

Now that the hoboes, in conven-  
tion at Columbus, have cast James  
Eads How out of their ranks, he may  
as well wash up.  
There's no fun in looking like a  
tramp if you can't be one.

## ICE CREAM ARTHUR'S LOVE

Anna Crackerjack was as-  
saulted at the Sheriff's surmise.  
"So," she said, "you suspect  
that I killed Kragorovitch?"  
"Well, if you didn't, who did?"  
asked Sheriff Bangs.  
Anna felt along the mantel-  
piece until she came to a wad of  
gum. This she jerked loose and,  
holding it up, said:

"I gave him that. He chewed  
it in this room. Do you think I  
would murder a man after giv-  
ing him some gum?"  
The Sheriff saw the absurdity  
of his suspicion and turned to go.  
A noise was heard outside.  
Anna looked out the window.  
Bonhead Brewster was sneak-  
ing up with his six-shooter in  
his hand.

Anna pressed a button, and the  
secret chamber flew open. From  
it came an elephant.  
"There," said she to the Sher-  
iff, pointing at the elephant, "is  
my answer."  
Sheriff Bangs was dumfoun-  
ded. It all seemed so absurd.  
(To Be Continued.)

## THIS AND THAT.

"Women are strange animals,"  
said a man to us to-day. "My wife  
went away for a visit recently and I  
stayed at home and cooked my own  
meals for six weeks. When she re-  
turned I had gained six pounds in  
weight and she was mad as a hornet."

## The Cheer Completed.

At a Broadway hotel yesterday a  
man registered as John T. Hipp.  
Under his name he placed that of his  
sister, Julia H. Hipp. A travelling  
man was the next to register. On  
the book under the names of the  
Hippes he wrote: "J. J. Hooley."

## AND NOW PERMIT US

to venture the opinion that the  
murder of Dr. Hall and Mrs.  
Mills has become the least-in-  
teresting feature of the whole  
affair.

## About Plays and Players

**SPARKING OF "striking it rich."**  
Mike Goldreyer has done that  
very thing with "The Last  
Warning," his mystery play at the  
Kew Theatre. Yesterday William  
Morris Jr., for whom Mike used to  
work as a picture peddler, offered him  
exactly \$250,000 for the rights to the  
play. Mike consulted his partner,  
Mike Mindlin, and decided he'd stay  
in the game and play the string out.  
The offer was turned down with  
cheek, and now the two Mike are  
out to make the play earn them half  
a million.

## NUMEROUS STEWARTS!

The offices of Stewart & French,  
which first produced "The Torch-  
bearer," has more Stewarts than  
any other spot we know of. The  
number includes Rosalie Stewart, Leo  
P. Stewart, B. S. Stewart, Charles G.  
Stewart and Stewart I. De Kraft.  
We were in the offices yesterday when  
a man appeared and called: "Oh,  
Stew!" However, the only one who  
answered was himself and we did so  
through a misconception of the mean-  
ing of the word.

## A CATCH IN IT.

"I accept the role at that gal-  
lery," an applicant for a part in one  
of Bonnie Barricade's plays inquired  
of Howard Hickman, "do I get a raise  
afterward?"  
"Certainly," he replied, "if you

show you can play the part."  
"I knew there was a catch in it  
somewhere," said the job hunter rue-  
fully.

## WOODS GETS HOUSE BACK.

A. H. Woods announces he has re-  
leased the Schubert Vaudeville inter-  
ests from their contract for a seven-  
year occupancy of the Apollo Theatre,  
Chicago. The house has reverted to  
the Woods management.

## HE LOVES HIS SONGS.

John Golden, successful play pro-  
ducer, that he is, just can't keep away  
from the song-writing game he knew  
so well in other days. In "Seventh  
Heaven," at the Booth, he has a little  
ditty and between the acts the orches-  
tra plays a number of Golden songs of  
the past, among them being "Poor  
Butterfly," "Good-Bye, Girls, I'm  
Through" and "I Can Dance With  
Everybody But My Wife."

## GOSSIP.

Prince Sasha of Prague saw "The  
Monster" last night.

"The Hippodrome horses have been  
supplied with rubber heels to prevent  
slipping.

Edward Simmons, artist, celebrated  
his seventieth birthday last night with  
a party. Jack Hazard of the "G. V.  
Follies," was a guest of honor.  
Emily Drange of "Orange Bloss-

## JOE'S CAR

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## Problem Solved!



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## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

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## A Method in His Madness!



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## LITTLE MARY MIXUP

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## With Reservations



## FRITZI RITZ

## Bobby Is Handy to Have Around



## KATINKA

## You Can't Blame Her for That



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soms" and Lynn Overman of "Just Married," will be married Thursday.  
Sir Basil Thompson, the English criminologist, will see "Whispering Wires" at the 19th Street Theatre to-  
night.  
William A. Brady will present "The World We Live In" to-night at the Jolson Theatre. This is the insect play.  
A skit burlesquing "The Last Warning" is now a feature of "The Passing Show of 1922" at the Winter Garden.

Andre Sherry has produced a musical divertissement called "Andre Sherry's Revue," which opens at Murray's Roman Gardens to-night.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.  
A reader has written us to ask

what "a Bowen arrow," such as Douglas Fairbanks uses, is.

FOOLISHMENT.  
There was a young lady named Pence.

Whose callers were made to use sense,  
If one got too gay,  
Dad came right away,  
And soon the young man was past tense.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.  
"I had breakfast with a bit to-day."  
"Yes?"  
"Yes, and, believe it or I picked up a cup and saucer."